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ATALANTA.

By ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

John Camden Hotten.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"He has produced a dramatic poem which abounds from the first page to the last in the finest constituents of poetry—in imagination, fancy, feeling, sentiment, passion, and knowledge of the human heart and soul, combined with a dominant mastery over every species of verse, from the stateliest pomp of epic metre to the fluent sweetness of song. . . . He has something of that creative force which all great poets have had, whether they were Greek, Italian, or English—a native and inborn strength, which scholarship may mould, but can never originate. If, as we are given to understand, Mr. Swinburne is a young writer, we do not hesitate to assert that his volume is extraordinary, not simply for strength and vividness of imagination, but (what is far more remarkable with inexperience) for maturity of power, for completeness of self-control, for absolute mastery over the turbulent forces of adolescent genius. . . . That strange, sad, hopeless mood in which the ancient Greek regarded the mysteries of life and death—that austere setting of the soul against the iron will of destiny which is so full of an immense dignity and pathos—that divinely sorrowful despair of things which can suffer to the miserable end, and sees no after compensation, and yet goes down to death in majesty, and beauty, and power—these characteristics of the old Greek faith, or want of faith, or whatsoever we may call it, are reflected by Mr. Swinburne with amazing truth and discrimination. There are passages in his poem which seem to wring from the very roots of human experience the sharpest extract of our griefs."—London Review, *8th April*, 1865.

"Mr. Swinburne has judged well in his choice of a subject. The legend of Calydon is one of the most beautiful in the whole compass of the Greek mythology; fresh, simple, romantic, solemn, and pathetic, yet without any of those horrors which shock us in the stories of Thebes or Argos—no Jocasta, no Thyestes, but figures full of heroic truth and nobleness, standing out in the clear bright light of the early morning of Greece. . . . A careful study of the Attic dramatists has enabled him to catch their manner, and to reproduce felicitously many of their turns of expression. The scholar is struck, every few

lines, by some phrase which he can fancy a direct translation from the Greek, while yet it is in its place both forcible and unaffected. The matter, although not really Greek in its essence, is thrown with great cleverness into a mould which almost beguiles us into forgetting the author, and imagining that we are listening to one of the contemporaries of Euripides who sought to copy the manner of Æschylus. . . . He is, indeed, never more happy than in painting nature, knowing and loving her well, and inspired by her beauty into a vivid force and fulness of expression."—SATURDAY REVIEW, *6th May*, 1865.

"The passion of Althæa is much the finest part of the play. The naturalism of maternal instinct struggling with the feeling of what is due to the shade of her mother and her brothers, goes far beyond the struggle in Antigone or Orestes. Out of many noble passages depicting this feeling we choose the last and most passionate—passionate beyond the limits of Greek passion, and too little ingrained with the Greek awe,—but still exceedingly fine."—SPECTATOR, *April 15th*, 1865.

"He is gifted with no small portion of the all-important divine fire, without which no man can hope to achieve poetic success; he possesses considerable powers of description, a keen eye for natural scenery, and a copious vocabulary of rich yet simple English. . . . We must now part from our author with cordial congratulations on the success with which he has achieved so difficult a task."—TIMES, *June 6th*, 1865.

"'Atalanta in Calydon' is the work of a poet. . . . Let our readers say whether they often meet with pictures lovelier in themselves or more truly Greek than those in the following invocation to Artemis. . . . Many strains equal to the above in force, beauty and rhythmical flow might be cited from the chorus. Those which set forth the brevity of man's life, and the darkness which enfolds it, though almost irreverent in their impeachment of the gods, are singularly fine in expression. . . . We yet know not to what poet since Keats we could turn for a representation at once so large in its design and so graphic in its particulars. In the noble hyperbole of description which raises the boar into the veritable scourge of Artemis, there is imagination of the highest kind. . . . A subject for many a painter to come—a grand word-picture, in which the influence of no contemporary can be traced. . . . In the fervour and beauty of his best passages we find no reflection of any modern writer. . . . We must not close without a reference to the Greek lines, plaintive and full of classic grace, which the writer has prefixed to his work in honour of Walter Savage Landor."—ATHENÆUM, *April 1st*, 1865.

"The choruses are so good, that it is difficult to praise them enough. Were our space unlimited, we would transfer them without abridgment to our columns; as it is not, we can only give a few extracts; but we may fairly assume that every one who cares for poetry of a truly high order will make himself familiar with Mr. Swinburne's drama. . . . As we listen to them they seem to set themselves to a strange but grand music, which lingers long on the ear. . . . . Sometimes we are reminded of Shelley in the lyric passages, but it is more the movement of the verse and its wonderful music, than anything else which

suggests a resemblance. . . . Mr. Swinburne has lived with the great Athenian dramatists till his tone of thought has somewhat assimilated to theirs, but he has learnt rather to sympathize with them as a contemporary artist, than to copy them as a modern student."—READER, *April 22nd*, 1865.

"Our extracts have shown that we much prefer to let Mr. Swinburne present his own marvellous earnestness and rich delivery of manner than to essay in this, our necessarily brief review, a lengthened criticism or analysis of such a remarkable work of promise. Apart from the serious endeavour and high devoir to which he has devoted himself in his first appeal to public attention, we would remark the sensuousness, brilliancy, and fervour of the lyrics, which here and there relieve the more sombre and sterner phases of the poem. . . . Assuredly this is the choicest and most complete effort which has for a long time announced that a scholar and a poet has come amongst us."—MORNING HERALD, *April 27th*, 1865.

"One grave error, which Mr. Swinburne has almost entirely avoided, is the use of thoughts or expressions which, current now, would be out of place in a tragedy of Greece. He has, with rare artistic feeling, let scarcely a trace appear of modern life. The Poem is all alive with the life of a classic past . . . . The whole play is instinct with power of varied kinds."—EXAMINER, *July 15th*, 1865.

"We have before said Mr. Swinburne is a subtle analyst of human motive, and possesses great tragic power. The present work shows him to have imagination of the highest order, wonderful play of fancy, and a complete command over every form of versification. . . . He has command of imagery as great as his control of language. He has power which rises to sublimity; passion which deepens into terror; daring which soars beyond reach or control . . . . We have said enough to convince our readers that we regard this poem as a worthy companion to 'Chastelard,' and look upon its author as permanently enrolled among great English poets."—SUNDAY TIMES, *December 31st*, 1865.

"These lines are marked by that melancholy that always characterizes the poetry in proportion to the absence of faith. . . . Could he have faith, of which there is not a trace throughout the poem, except the miserable vacuum created by its absence, he might do wonders as a poet."—THE TABLET, *August 12th*, 1865.

"As to the tragedy itself, we find in it everything to praise and nothing to censure. It is one of the few really great poems that have been contributed to English literature since the death of Shelley; and it entitles its author at once to a place among the great poets of his country. . . . A tragedy on the Grecian model, which is remarkable for its intense emotional vitality, the richness and reality of its imaginative images, the perfect precision and finish of its construction, and the combined stateliness, severity, and music of its diction."—ALBION, *November 11th*, 1865.

"Not the least remarkable and interesting pages of this volume are those to

which the author has consigned a tribute of veneration to the memory of Walter Savage Landor, in two compositions of Greek elegiac verse. The first is a dedication addressed to Landor while living, in the form of a valediction, on the occasion of his last return to Italy; the second, much the longer of the two, an elegy on his death. No one who has felt how the spirit of the Æschylean tragedy breathes through the English poem, will have been surprised to find—rather, every such reader would have been disappointed if he had not found—that Mr. Swinburne's thoughts move with scarcely less ease and freedom on a moderm theme (if indeed Landor may be properly said to belong to his own age so much as to that of Pericles and Augustus) in the language and measures of Callinus and Mimmerus than in his native speech. Of the Greek we will only say that it is not that of a Cambridge prize ode, but something much better—even if more open to minute criticism—than the best of such; not in the least like a cento of dainty classical phrases, but the fresh original gushing of a true poetical vein, nourished by a mastery of the foreign language, like that which Landor himself in his Latin poems . . . . It is evidently the produce, not of the tender lyrical faculty which so often waits on sensitive youth and afterwards fades into the light of common day, nor even of the classical culture of which it is itself a signal illustration, but of an affluent and apprehensive genius, which, with ordinary care and fair fortune, will take a foremost place in English literature. . . . His abstinence from all overdrawn conceits is remarkable in a young poet of any time, and his careful avoidance of the shadowy border land of metaphysics and poetry in which so many versifiers of our own day take refuge from the open scrutiny of critical sunlight, deserve full praise and recognition."—EDINBURGH REVIEW *July*, 1865.

CHASTELARD.

By ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 7s.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"THE portraits of Mary and of Chastelard are exaggerated, but only as Michael Angelo's heroic statues are. The consistent steady madness of Chastelard's passion, which, mad as it is, lies deeper than madness, and, wild as it is, burns always without flame, is displayed in a way which is most masterly.

As for the Queen, we are quite of opinion that Mr. Swinburne has brought that woman to light again. It will not do, perhaps, to peer closely into her portrait as it lies in these pages; if we do, we become uneasily conscious of blotchy workmanship, with lights too sudden, and shades too deep, and broken harmonies of colour. But close the book, and look at the portrait reflected from it into the mind, and none was ever painted of her so true. It is a portrait which painters and historians alike have only confused; it awaited a poet's hand to this day, and now we have got it. So think we, at any rate, and in saying so we do not exhaust the praise which is due to the author of 'Chastelard.' The dramatic force of the scenes in the latter half of the poem remains to be applauded, but that, luckily for a critic who has come to the end of his tether, is a thing which can only be applauded and cannot be described; we give it our homage. But it is very much to the purpose of this article, that just when the poem becomes more dramatic its faults begin to disappear; and before we come to the admirable scene between Mary and Chastelard in prison, we are blinded to whatever remains. The fact seems to be that Mr. Swinburne is less a poet than a dramatist; it is certain that he is capable of writing in a way which entitles him to small consideration as the one, and to great consideration as the other. . . . But in any case it can never be denied that he is a true man of genius."—Pall Mall Gazette, *April 27th*, 1866.

"The two principal figures stand out boldly, and on them the poet has bestowed all the riches of his genius. . . . . The scene in which, having sent for Chastelard, she talks to him in a strange wild mood between love and regretfulness, is extremely subtle and fine. . . . . It will not be doubted by any one who has the pulse of poetry in his blood that this is noble writing—writing instinct with the highest spirit of the Elizabethan Muse. And in the speech of Chastelard, when waiting for the Queen in her chamber, we have something of the large, imperial style of Shakspeare himself. . . . . The scene between Chastelard and the Queen in prison is also pervaded with the highest inspirations of impassioned poetry; and though the love-ravings of Chastelard almost pass the bounds commonly permitted to poets, the shadow of fate, lying dark and heavy over all, seems to cool and moderate the glow. In passages such as these, Mr. Swinburne again proves his right to take a permanent stand among our English poets. . . . . Of power, he has abundance; of passion, perhaps more than enough; of poetry, in its fierce, luminous, and fiery shapes, a wonderful and prodigal richness. . . . . Whatever his faults, however, he is a man of genius of the most unmistakable mark. We do not know when it has fallen to the lot of any poet to produce within one year two such plays as 'Atalanta in Calydon' and 'Chastelard'—dramas conceived and written in two totally distinct styles, and with marked success in both. . . . . He has earned a conspicuous name with singular quickness, and we trust that even greater triumphs lie before him in his onward path."—London Review, *December 9th*, 1865.

"The choruses in 'Atalanta' were astonishing for their imaginative insight, their richness of imagery, their depth of impassioned thought, the nervous suppleness of their language, and the lyrical flow of their versification; and many of the

speeches of the characters were full of poetry and dramatic truth. In 'Chastelard,' again, we have a splendid example of the poetry that lies in vehement and absorbing passion; but there is some reason to fear that Mr. Swinburne is wanting in the higher beauty of moral dignity and sweetness."—LONDON REVIEW, *December 30th*, 1865.

"We can only say that it abounds in passages of great poetic merit, and the passion of love is described with all that delicacy and vividness that can only be found in the writings of a poet endowed with extraordinary genius. Mr. Swinburne has well comprehended the character of Mary Stuart, and she is made to stand before the reader a reality, her nature being wonderfully well exhibited. Other characters are represented with marvellous distinctness, and give to the tragedy interest and vitality."—PUBLIC OPINION, *December 16th*, 1865.

"The style is so forcible that there is little that would render the play unfit for the stage, were it not for the great amount of amativeness which the parties have to display before they are disposed of."—COURT CIRCULAR, *December 23rd*, 1865.

"The picture with which this burst concludes, though too much elaborated, has undeniable grandeur. We could point out passages which, in a dramatic point of view, are yet finer. Those given to Mary Beaton—the only touching character in the play—often reach the height of tragic intensity. Nor is it to be disputed that Mr. Swinburne shows at times a keen insight into the subtleties of human motive, but his chief characters are out of the pale of our sympathy; besides being inherently vicious, the language will offend not only those who have reverence, but those who have taste."—ATHENÆUM, *December 23rd*, 1865.

"A tragedy—in which we think he best develops his genius. Once before we said we thought his genius essentially lyric, but he himself has convinced us, not of the contrary, but of the co-existence in him of the dramatic and lyric power."—COURT JOURNAL, *December 19th*, 1865.

"The poem, in fact, is morally repulsive, and all its gilding of fancy and feeling only makes the picture more revolting . . . The dramatic power, the grace of the beauty of the tragedy no one can deny. . . . His insight into hidden human motives is marvellously indicated. Altogether, if the poem fails to please, that must be attributed to the subject and the author's mind of it, not to any lack of workmanship of the very highest and most delicate order."—ATLAS, *December 30th*, 1865.

"It is an unpleasant book, and one by all means to be kept out of the hands of the young and pure-minded, for the licentiousness of many of the images and profanity of not a few of the sentiments are such as happily are not often found in English poets. . . . We cannot doubt that the less sensuous brotherhood of our Northern poets, would join us in denouncing with indignation and disgust such a lamentable prostitution of the English muse."—JOHN BULL, *December 23rd*, 1865.

"There are two parts of the play deserving of special praise—the second act, and the closing scenes of the fifth. It is in these, and more particularly in the latter, that Mr. Swinburne displays a combination of dramatic and poetic power beyond what is seen in anything that his pen has yet produced. . . . Were it

not for their exquisite elegance of expression, these constant exhibitions of passion would deserve severe reprobation. . . . Regarding the work as a whole, we must thank Mr. Swinburne for a dramatic poem of great power, careful elaboration of plot, artistic disposition of scenes; for admirable descriptions of human emotion and passion; for terse, forcible, yet sweet expression, and a generally scrupulous melody of rhythm."—READER, *December 2nd*, 1865.

"Mr. Swinburne has written a tragedy, which not only is one of the most remarkable productions of modern days, but which in originality of conception and boldness of treatment has never been surpassed. The triumph which Mr. Swinburne has achieved in 'Chastelard' is the more noteworthy, since the splendid gifts of which its composition proclaims him the possessor are totally distinct from those which in 'Atalanta in Calydon' gained him a foremost position among modern poets. In the earlier production, amid all the sublime imagery and lyrical sweetness, the grace truly classic, the boldness of thought and the exquisite charm of versification which constituted it a work of accomplished and all but unrivalled beauty, there was no foreshadowing of the dramatic fire and the weird and almost unholy power which characterize its successor. . . . From this point, where the interest has already reached what appears a climax, each situation is more dramatic and more stirring than the one preceding it. The skill with which—the passions being already at white heat—the action is heightened without anti-climax is absolutely wonderful. . . . The last few words we give in their integrity; no word of ours can add aught to their terrible pathos and dramatic force. With them, and without an added word, we shall conclude our notice of this most remarkable tragedy of modern times."—SUNDAY TIMES, *December 3rd*, 1865.

"Here, in his new poem of 'Chastelard,' is Mr. Algernon Swinburne writing French chansons of which Chastelard himself or Ronsard might have been proud. So good are they that by many they are imagined to be merely quotations, transcripts from the original French author. But there is no doubt they are Mr. Swinburne's own composition. Here are two which are exquisite in taste, feeling, and spirit."—MORNING STAR, *December 25th*, 1865.

"Here and there occur passages which we unhesitatingly affirm are not surpassed in the language."—LIVERPOOL ALBION, *January 6th*, 1866.

"The public to which Mr. Swinburne appeals will consist exclusively of those readers who enjoy a work of art for its own sake, and who care more for the power of the representation than for any worth in what is represented. . . . Mr. Swinburne has produced a poem which many may dislike but which none can contemn, which many will lay down unread but which few will read once only. It cannot be called an advance upon 'Atalanta,' for it is something totally different, except in its disregard of conventional proprieties, and its independence of the poetical habits of the day. There is the same richness without tawdriness of language, the same novelty without strangeness of expression, the same continual sense of the indispensable duty of melody in verse, which some of our most pretentious poets either forget or disown. . . . The scene in the Queen's chamber is very beautiful, but ingeniously wicked as the rest. . . . For dex-

terity of fence, both in feeling and language, this scene may rank with the masterpieces of our older drama. . . . The gyrations are so unexpected, and the changes so numerous, that in less masterly hands the effect would be rather that of a psychological puzzle than of a dramatic evolution. . . . It is impossible that this play should not highly raise Mr. Swinburne's reputation. There are artistic defects in it, but not to be mentioned beside the artistic merits. His preface to Moxon's 'Selections from Byron' is another instance of the fact, too often forgotten, that there is no education for the writing of superior prose like the serious practice of poetry; and with this double power, Mr. Swinburne's future career must be an object of much interest to all who estimate aright the worth and weight of British literature in the intellectual and moral history of mankind."—FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, *April 15th*, 1866.

"He fills out this bold outline, and supplies missing links in the story, and imparts life and form and colour to the whole picture, and reproduces contemporaneous personages and scenery, and, with deep probing of human nature and fine play of imagination, unveils the pathetic tragedy that has so long slept hidden in the dry and trite historic page. The result is a masterpiece of literary art, whether contemplated as to conception of character, ideals of love and heroism, treatment of a grand and moving theme, majesty, beauty, and purity of style, or lesson to the heart and mind."—THE ALBION, *December 23rd*, 1865.

"The story is vaguely and ineffectively presented. There is little to relieve the repulsive character of the whole tone of the play. It dwells pertinaciously and too warmly upon scenes which are neither noble, edifying, nor decent."—BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER, *December 14th*, 1865.

"We have but re-echoed the judgment of all competent critics, in saying that Swinburne rightfully ranks with the few great poets of this and of other ages. His present work is one of the finest artistic efforts which we have ever chanced to encounter. It has more human interest than his 'Atalanta in Calydon,' while it is couched in the same vigorous and splendid diction and 'is richly dight' with melodious and sweetly magnificent songs. . . . His portraiture is one of the amplest, most thoroughly elaborated, and most gorgeously coloured, in the whole wide range of British poetry."—NEW YORK WEEKLY REVIEW, *December 9th*, 1865.

"The sustained and elastic strength of the fourth act, in which the turns and windings of Mary's will as Chastelard's death are drawn out—her perplexity, ruthlessness, contempt for a weak man and for a cruel unknightly man, fear of public scorn, remorse for her love, vindictive bitterness against Darnley, all chasing one another over her mind, with the subtlest changes—make one of the most superb scenes for which a drama of character gives room. We feel that the writer is rejoicing in his own skill in unravelling the changeful mysteries of a highly complex character. He exults in his mastery over the Queen's rapid passage from one mood to another, and in the magic by which he can produce and control her Protean transformations."—SATURDAY REVIEW, *May 26th*, 1866.

A SONG OF ITALY.

A

SONG OF ITALY.

BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

LONDON:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.
1867.

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WITH ALL DEVOTION AND REVERENCE,

TO

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

A SONG OF ITALY.

Upon a windy night of stars that fell
At the wind's spoken spell,
Swept with sharp strokes of agonizing light
From the clear gulf of night,
Between the fixed and fallen glories one
Against my vision shone,
More fair and fearful and divine than they
That measure night and day,
And worthier worship; and within mine eyes
The formless folded skies

Took shape and were unfolded like as flowers.
And I beheld the hours
As maidens, and the days as labouring men,
And the soft nights again
As wearied women to their own souls wed,
And ages as the dead.
And over these living, and them that died,
From one to the other side
A lordlier light than comes of earth or air
Made the world's future fair.
A woman like to love in face, but not
A thing of transient lot—
And like to hope, but having hold on truth—
And like to joy or youth,
Save that upon the rock her feet were set—
And like what men forget,

Faith, innocence, high thought, laborious peace—
And yet like none of these,
Being not as these are mortal, but with eyes
That sounded the deep skies
And clove like wings or arrows their clear way
Through night and dawn and day—
So fair a presence over star and sun
Stood, making these as one.
For in the shadow of her shape were all
Darkened and held in thrall,
So mightier rose she past them; and I felt
Whose form, whose likeness knelt
With covered hair and face and clasped her knees;
And knew the first of these

Was Freedom, and the second Italy.
And what sad words said she
For mine own grief I knew not, nor had heart
Therewith to bear my part
And set my songs to sorrow ; nor to hear
How tear by sacred tear
Fell from her eyes as flowers or notes that fall
In some slain feaster's hall
Where in mid music and melodious breath
Men singing have seen death.
So fair, so lost, so sweet she knelt ; or so
In our lost eyes below
Seemed to us sorrowing ; and her speech being said,
Fell, as one who falls dead.

And for a little she too wept, who stood
Above the dust and blood
And thrones and troubles of the world; then spake,
As who bids dead men wake.

" Because the years were heavy on thy head;
Because dead things are dead;
Because thy chosen on hill-side, city and plain
Are shed as drops of rain;
Because all earth was black, all heaven was blind,
And we cast out of mind;
Because men wept, saying *Freedom*, knowing of thee,
Child, that thou wast not free;

Because wherever blood was not shame was
Where thy pure foot did pass;
Because on Promethean rocks distent
Thee fouler eagles rent;
Because a serpent stains with slime and foam
This that is not thy Rome;
Child of my womb, whose limbs were made in me,
Have I forgotten thee?
In all thy dreams through all these years on wing,
Hast thou dreamed such a thing?
The mortal mother-bird outsoars her nest,
The child outgrows the breast;
But suns as stars shall fall from heaven and cease,
Ere we twain be as these;

Yea, utmost skies forget their utmost sun;
Ere we twain be not one.
My lesser jewels sewn on skirt and hem,
I have no heed of them
Obscured and flawed by sloth or craft or power;
But thou, that wast my flower,
The blossom bound between my brows and worn
In sight of even and morn
From the last ember of the flameless west
To the dawn's baring breast—
I were not Freedom if thou wert not free,
Nor thou wert Italy.
O mystic rose ingrained with blood, impearled
With tears of all the world!

The torpor of their blind brute-ridden
trance
Kills England and chills France;
And Spain sobs hard through strangling blood; and snows
Hide the huge eastern woes.
But thou, twin-born with morning, nursed of noon,
And blessed of star and moon!
What shall avail to assail thee any more,
From sacred shore to shore?
Have Time and Love not knelt down at thy feet,
Thy sore, thy soiled, thy sweet,
Fresh from the flints and mire of murderous ways
And dust of travelling days?

Hath Time not kissed them, Love not washed
them fair,
And wiped with tears and hair?
Though God forget thee, I will not forget;
Though heaven and earth be set
Against thee, O unconquerable child,
Abused, abased, reviled,
Lift thou not less from no funereal bed
Thine undishonoured head;
Love thou not less, by lips of thine once
prest,
This my now barren breast;
Seek thou not less, being well assured
thereof,
O child, my latest love.
For now the barren bosom shall bear fruit,
Songs leap from lips long mute,

And with my milk the mouths of nations fed
Again be glad and red
That were worn white with hunger and sorrow and thirst;
And thou, most fair and first,
Thou whose warm hands and sweet live lips I feel
Upon me for a seal,
Thou whose least looks, whose smiles and little sighs,
Whose passionate pure eyes,
Whose dear fair limbs that neither bonds could bruise
Nor hate of men misuse,
Whose flower-like breath and bosom, O my child,
O mine and undefiled,

Fill with such tears as burn like bitter wine
These mother's eyes of mine,
Thrill with huge passions and primeval pains
The fulness of my veins.
O sweetest head seen higher than any stands,
I touch thee with mine hands,
I lay my lips upon thee, O thou most sweet,
To lift thee on thy feet
And with the fire of mine to fill thine eyes;
I say unto thee, Arise."

She ceased, and heaven was full of flame and sound,
And earth's old limbs unbound
Shone and waxed warm with fiery dew and seed
Shed through her at this her need:

And highest in heaven, a mother and full of grace,
With no more covered face,
With no more lifted hands and bended knees,
Rose, as from sacred seas
Love, when old time was full of plenteous springs,
That fairest-born of things,
The land that holds the rest in tender thrall
For love's sake in them all,
That binds with words and holds with eyes and hands
All hearts in all men's lands.
So died the dream whence rose the live desire
That here takes form and fire,
A spirit from the splendid grave of sleep
Risen, that ye should not weep,

Should not weep more nor ever, O ye that hear
And ever have held her dear,
Seeing now indeed she weeps not who wept sore,
And sleeps not any more.
Hearken ye towards her, O people, exalt your eyes;
Is this a thing that dies?

Italia! by the passion of the pain
That bent and rent thy chain;
Italia! by the breaking of the bands,
The shaking of the lands;
Beloved, O men's mother, O men's queen,
Arise, appear, be seen!
Arise, array thyself in manifold
Queen's raiment of wrought gold;

With girdles of green freedom, and with red
Roses, and white snow shed
Above the flush and frondage of the hills
That all thy deep dawn fills
And all thy clear night veils and warms with wings
Spread till the morning sings;
The rose of resurrection, and the bright
Breast lavish of the light,
The lady lily like the snowy sky
Ere the stars wholly die;
As red as blood, and whiter than a wave,
Flowers grown as from thy grave,
From the green fruitful grass in Maytime hot,
Thy grave, where thou art not.

Gather the grass and weave, in sacred sign
Of the ancient earth divine,
The holy heart of things, the seed of birth,
The mystical warm earth.
O thou her flower of flowers, with treble braid
Be thy sweet head arrayed,
In witness of her mighty motherhood
Who bore thee and found thee good,
Her fairest-born of children, on whose head
Her green and white and red
Are hope and light and life, inviolate
Of any latter fate.
Fly, O our flag, through deep Italian air,
Above the flags that were,
The dusty shreds of shameful battle-flags
Trampled and rent in rags,

As withering woods in autumn's bitterest
breath
Yellow, and black as death;
Black as crushed worms that sicken in the
sense,
And yellow as pestilence.
Fly, green as summer and red as dawn and
white
As the live heart of light,
The blind bright womb of colour unborn,
that brings
Forth all fair forms of things,
As freedom all fair forms of nations dyed
In divers-coloured pride.
Fly fleet as wind on every wind that
blows
Between her seas and snows,

From Alpine white, from Tuscan green, and where
Vesuvius reddens air.
Fly! and let all men see it, and all kings wail,
And priests wax faint and pale,
And the cold hordes that moan in misty places
And the funereal races
And the sick serfs of lands that wait and wane
See thee and hate thee in vain.
In the clear laughter of all winds and waves,
In the blown grass of graves,
In the long sound of fluctuant boughs of trees,
In the broad breath of seas,
Bid the sound of thy flying folds be heard;
And as a spoken word

Full of that fair god and that merciless
Who rends the Pythoness,
So be the sound and so the fire that saith
She feels her ancient breath
And the old blood move in her immortal veins.

Strange travail and strong pains,
Our mother, hast thou borne these many years,
While thy pure blood and tears
Mixed with the Tyrrhene and the Adrian sea;
Light things were said of thee,
As of one buried deep among the dead;
Yea, she hath been, they said,
She was when time was younger, and is not;
The very cerecloths rot

That flutter in the dusty wind of death,
Not moving with her breath;
Far seasons and forgotten years enfold
Her dead corpse old and cold
With many windy winters and pale springs;
She is none of this world's things.
Though her dead head like a live garland wear
The golden-growing hair
That flows over her breast down to her feet,
Dead queens, whose life was sweet
In sight of all men living, have been found
So cold, so clad, so crowned,
With all things faded and with one thing fair,
Their old immortal hair,
When flesh and bone turned dust at touch of day:
And she is dead as they.

So men said sadly, mocking; so the slave,
Whose life was his soul's grave;
So, pale or red with change of fast and feast,
The sanguine-sandalled priest;
So the Austrian, when his fortune came to flood,
And the warm wave was blood;
With wings that widened and with beak that smote,
So shrieked through either throat
From the hot horror of its northern nest
That double-headed pest;
So, triple-crowned with fear and fraud and shame,
He of whom treason came,
The herdsman of the Gadarean swine;
So all his ravening kine,

Made fat with poisonous pasture; so not we,
Mother, beholding thee.
Make answer, O the crown of all our slain,
Ye that were one, being twain,
Twain brethren, twin-born to the second birth,
Chosen out of all our earth
To be the prophesying stars that say
How hard is night on day,
Stars in serene and sudden heaven re-risen
Before the sun break prison
And ere the moon be wasted; fair first flowers
In that red wreath of ours,
Woven with the lives of all whose lives were shed
To crown their mother's head

With leaves of civic cypress and thick yew,
Till the olive bind it too,
Olive and laurel and all loftier leaves
That victory wears or weaves
At her fair feet for her beloved brow;
Hear, for she too hears now,
O Pisacane, from Calabrian sands;
O all heroic hands
Close on the sword-hilt, hands of all her dead;
O many a holy head,
Bowed for her sake even to her reddening dust;
O chosen, O pure and just,
Who counted for a small thing life's estate,
And died, and made it great;

Ye whose names mix with all her memories; ye
Who rather chose to see
Death, than our more intolerable things;
Thou whose name withers kings,
Agesilao; thou too, O chiefliest thou,
The slayer of splendid brow,
Laid where the lying lips of fear deride
The foiled tyrannicide,
Foiled, fallen, slain, scorned, and happy; being
in fame,
Felice, like thy name,
Not like thy fortune; father of the fight,
Having in hand our light.
Ah, happy! for that sudden-swerving hand
Flung light on all thy land,
Yea, lit blind France with compulsory ray,
Driven down a righteous way;

Ah, happiest! for from thee the wars began,
From thee the fresh springs ran;
From thee the lady land that queens the earth
Gat as she gave new birth.
O sweet mute mouths, O all fair dead of ours,
Fair in her eyes as flowers,
Fair without feature, vocal without voice,
Strong without strength, rejoice!
Hear it with ears that hear not, and on eyes
That see not let it rise,
Rise as a sundawn; be it as dew that drips
On dumb and dusty lips;
Eyes have ye not, and see it; neither ears,
And there is none but hears.
This is the same for whom ye bled and wept;
She was not dead, but slept.

This is that very Italy which was
And is and shall not pass.

But thou, though all were not well done, O chief,
Must thou take shame or grief?
Because one man is not as thou or ten,
Must thou take shame for men?
Because the supreme sunrise is not yet,
Is the young dew not wet?
Wilt thou not yet abide a little while,
Soul without fear or guile,
Mazzini,—O our prophet, O our priest,
A little while at least?
A little hour of doubt and of control,
Sustain thy sacred soul;
Withhold thine heart, our father, but an hour;
Is it not here, the flower,

Is it not blown and fragrant from the root,
And shall not be the fruit?
Thy children, even thy people thou hast made,
Thine, with thy words arrayed,
Clothed with thy thoughts and girt with thy desires,
Yearn up toward thee as fires.
Art thou not father, O father, of all these?
From thine own Genoese
To where of nights the lower extreme lagune
Feels its Venetian moon,
Nor suckling's mouth nor mother's breast set free,
But hath that grace through thee.
The milk of life on death's unnatural brink
Thou gavest them to drink,

The natural milk of freedom; and again
They drank, and they were men.
The wine and honey of freedom and of faith
They drank, and cast off death.
Bear with them now; thou art holier: yet endure,
Till they as thou be pure.
Their swords at least that stemmed half Austria's tide
Bade all its bulk divide;
Else, though fate bade them for a breath's space fall,
She had not fallen at all.
Not by their hands they made time's promise true;
Not by their hands, but through.

Nor on Custozza ran their blood to waste,
Nor fell their fame defaced
Whom stormiest Adria with tumultuous tides
Whirls undersea and hides.
Not his, who from the sudden-settling deck
Looked over death and wreck
To where the mother's bosom shone, who smiled
As he, so dying, her child;
For he smiled surely, dying, to mix his death
With her memorial breath;
Smiled, being most sure of her, that in no wise,
Die whoso will, she dies:
And she smiled surely, fair and far above,
Wept not, but smiled for love.
Thou too, O splendour of the sudden sword
That drove the crews abhorred

From Naples and the siren-footed strand,
Flash from thy master's hand,
Shine from the middle summer of the seas
To the old Æolides,
Outshine their fiery fumes of burning night,
Sword, with thy midday light;
Flame as a beacon from the Tyrrhene foam
To the rent heart of Rome,
From the island of her lover and thy lord,
Her saviour and her sword.
In the fierce year of failure and of fame,
Art thou not yet the same
That wert as lightning swifter than all wings
In the blind face of kings?
When priests took counsel to devise despair,
And princes to forswear,

She clasped thee, O her sword and flag-
bearer
And staff and shield to her,
O Garibaldi; need was hers and grief,
Of thee and of the chief,
And of another girt in arms to stand
As good of hope and hand,
As high of soul and happy, albeit indeed
The heart should burn and bleed,
So but the spirit shake not nor the breast
Swerve, but abide its rest.
As theirs did and as thine, though ruin
clomb
The highest wall of Rome,
Though treason stained and spilt her lustral
water,
And slaves led slaves to slaughter,

And priests, praying and slaying, watched them pass
From a strange France, alas,
That was not freedom; yet when these were past,
Thy sword and thou stood fast,
Till new men seeing thee where Sicilian waves
Hear now no sound of slaves,
And where thy sacred blood is fragrant still
Upon the Bitter Hill,
Seeing by that blood one country saved and stained,
Less loved thee crowned than chained,
And less now only than the chief: for he,
Father of Italy,
Upbore in holy hands the babe new-born
Through loss and sorrow and scorn,

Of no man led, of many men reviled;
Till lo, the new-born child
Gone from between his hands, and in its place,
Lo, the fair mother's face.
Blessed is he of all men, being in one
As father to her and son,
Blessed of all men living, that he found
Her weak limbs bared and bound,
And in his arms and in his bosom bore,
And as a garment wore
Her weight of want, and as a royal dress
Put on her weariness.
As in faith's hoariest histories men read,
The strong man bore at need
Through roaring rapids when all heaven was wild
The likeness of a child

That still waxed greater and heavier as he trod,
And altered, and was God.
Praise him, O winds that move the molten air,
O light of days that were,
And light of days that shall be ; land and sea,
And heaven and Italy :
Praise him, O storm and summer, shore and wave,
O skies and every grave ;
O weeping hopes, O memories beyond tears,
O many and murmuring years,
O sounds far off in time and visions far,
O sorrow with thy star,
And joy with all thy beacons ; ye that mourn,
And ye whose light is born ;

O fallen faces, and O souls arisen,
Praise him from tomb and prison,
Praise him from heaven and sunlight; and ye floods,
And windy waves of woods;
Ye valleys and wild vineyards, ye lit lakes
And happier hillside brakes,
Untrampled by the accursed feet that trod
Fields golden from their god,
Fields of their god forsaken, whereof none
Sees his face in the sun,
Hears his voice from the floweriest wildernesses;
And, barren of his tresses,
Ye bays unplucked and laurels unentwined,
That no men break or bind,
And myrtles long forgetful of the sword,
And olives unadored,

Wisdom and love, white hands that save and slay,
Praise him; and ye as they,
Praise him, O gracious might of dews and rains
That feed the purple plains,
O sacred sunbeams bright as bare steel drawn,
O cloud and fire and dawn;
Red hills of flame, white Alps, green Apennines,
Banners of blowing pines,
Standards of stormy snows, flags of light leaves,
Three wherewith Freedom weaves
One ensign that once woven and once unfurled
Makes day of all a world,
Makes blind their eyes who knew not, and outbraves
The waste of iron waves;

Ye fields of yellow fulness, ye fresh fountains,
And mists of many mountains;
Ye moons and seasons, and ye days and nights;
Ye starry-headed heights,
And gorges melting sunward from the snow,
And all strong streams that flow
Tender as tears, and fair as faith, and pure
As hearts made sad and sure
At once by many sufferings and one love;
O mystic deathless dove
Held to the heart of earth and in her hands
Cherished, O lily of lands,
White rose of time, dear dream of praises past—
For such as these thou wast,
That art as eagles setting to the sun,
As fawns that leap and run,

As a sword carven with keen floral gold,
Sword for an armed god's hold,
Flower for a crowned god's forehead—O our land,
Reach forth thine holiest hand,
O mother of many sons and memories,
Stretch out thine hand to his
That raised and gave thee life to run and leap
When thou wast full of sleep,
That touched and stung thee with young blood and breath
When thou wast hard on death.
Praise him, O all her cities and her crowns,
Her towers and thrones of towns;
O noblest Brescia, scarred from foot to head
And breast-deep in the dead,

Praise him from all the glories of thy graves
That yellow Mela laves
With gentle and golden water, whose fair flood
Ran wider with thy blood;
Praise him, O born of that heroic breast,
O nursed thereat and blest,
Verona, fairer than thy mother fair,
But not more brave to bear;
Praise him, O Milan, whose imperial tread
Bruised once the German head;
Whose might, by northern swords left desolate,
Set foot on fear and fate;
Praise him, O long mute mouth of melodies,
Mantua, with louder keys,
With mightier chords of music even than rolled
From the large harps of old,

When thy sweet singer of golden throat and tongue
Praising his tyrant sung;
Though now thou sing not as of other days,
Learn late a better praise.
Not with the sick sweet lips of slaves that sing,
Praise thou no priest or king,
No brow-bound laurel of discoloured leaf,
But him, the crownless chief.
Praise him, O star of sun-forgotten times,
Among their creeds and crimes
That wast a fire of witness in the night,
Padua, the wise men's light;
Praise him, O sacred Venice, and the sea
That now exults through thee,
Full of the mighty morning and the sun,
Free of things dead and done;

Praise him from all the years of thy great grief,
That shook thee like a leaf
With winds and snows of torment, rain that fell
Red as the rains of hell,
Storms of black thunder and of yellow flame,
And all ill things but shame ;
Praise him with all thy holy heart and strength ;
Through thy walls' breadth and length
Praise him with all thy people, that their voice
Bid the strong soul rejoice,
The fair clear supreme spirit beyond stain,
Pure as the depth of pain,
High as the head of suffering, and secure
As all things that endure.

More than thy blind lord of an hundred years,
Whose name our memory hears,
Home-bound from harbours of the Byzantine
Made tributary of thine,
Praise him who gave no gifts from oversea,
But gave thyself to thee.
O mother Genoa, through all years that run,
More than that other son,
Who first beyond the seals of sunset prest
Even to the unfooted west,
Whose back-blown flag scared from their sheltering seas
The unknown Atlantides,
And as flame climbs through cloud and vapour clomb
Through streams of storm and foam,

Till half in sight they saw land heave and
swim—
More than this man praise him.
One found a world new-born from virgin sea;
And one found Italy.
O heavenliest Florence, from the mouths of
flowers
Fed by melodious hours,
From each sweet mouth that kisses light and
air,
Thou whom thy fate made fair,
As a bound vine or any flowering tree,
Praise him who made thee free.
For no grape-gatherers trampling out the wine
Tread thee, the fairest vine;
For no man binds thee, no man bruises, none
Does with thee as these have done.

From where spring hears loud through her long-lit vales
Triumphant nightingales,
In many a fold of fiery foliage hidden,
Withheld as things forbidden,
But clamorous with innumerable delight
In May's red, green, and white,
In the far-floated standard of the spring,
That bids men also sing,
Our flower of flags, our witness that we are free,
Our lamp for land and sea;
From where Majano feels through corn and vine
Spring move and melt as wine,
And Fiesole's embracing arms enclose
The immeasurable rose;

From hill-sides plumed with pine, and heights wind-worn
That feel the refluent morn,
Or where the moon's face warm and passionate
Burns, and men's hearts grow great,
And the swoln eyelids labour with sweet tears,
And in their burning ears
Sound throbs like flame, and in their eyes new light
Kindles the trembling night;
From faint illumined fields and starry valleys
Wherefrom the hill-wind sallies,
From Vallombrosa, from Valdarno raise
One Tuscan tune of praise.
O lordly city of the field of death,
Praise him with equal breath,

From sleeping streets and gardens, and the
stream
That threads them as a dream
Threads without light the untravelled ways of
sleep
With eyes that smile or weep;
From the sweet sombre beauty of wave and
wall
That fades and does not fall;
From coloured domes and cloisters fair with
fame,
Praise thou and thine his name.
Thou too, O little laurelled town of towers,
Clothed with the flame of flowers,
From windy ramparts girdled with young
gold,
From thy sweet hill-side fold

Of wallflowers and the acacia's belted bloom
And every blowing plume,
Halls that saw Dante speaking, chapels fair
As the outer hills and air,
Praise him who feeds the fire that Dante fed,
Our highest heroic head,
Whose eyes behold through floated cloud and flame
The maiden face of fame
Like April in Valdelsa; fair as flowers,
And patient as the hours;
Sad with slow sense of time, and bright with faith
That levels life and death;
The final fame, that with a foot sublime
Treads down reluctant time;

The fame that waits and watches and is wise,
A virgin with chaste eyes,
A goddess who takes hands with great men's grief;
Praise her, and him, our chief.
Praise him, O Siena, and thou her deep green spring,
O Fonte Branda, sing:
Shout from the red clefts of thy fiery crags,
Shake out thy flying flags
In the long wind that streams from hill to hill;
Bid thy full music fill
The desolate red waste of sunset air
And fields the old time saw fair,
But now the hours ring void through ruined lands,
Wild work of mortal hands;

Yet through thy dead Maremma let his name
Take flight and pass in flame,
And the red ruin of disastrous hours
Shall quicken into flowers.
Praise him, O fiery child of sun and sea,
Naples, who bade thee be;
For till he sent the swords that scourge and save,
Thou wast not, but thy grave.
But more than all these praise him and give thanks,
Thou, from thy Tiber's banks,
From all thine hills and from thy supreme dome,
Praise him, O risen Rome.
Let all thy children cities at thy knee
Lift up their voice with thee,

Saying "for thy love's sake and our perished
grief
We laud thee, O our chief;"
Saying "for thine hand and help when hope
was dead
We thank thee, O our head;"
Saying "for thy voice and face within our
sight
We bless thee, O our light;
For waters cleansing us from days defiled
We praise thee, O our child."

So with an hundred cities' mouths in one
Praising thy supreme son,
Son of thy sorrow, O mother, O maid and
mother,
Our queen, who serve none other,

Our lady of pity and mercy, and full of grace,
Turn otherwhere thy face,
Turn for a little and look what things are these
Now fallen before thy knees;
Turn upon them thine eyes who hated thee,
Behold what things they be,
Italia: these are stubble that were steel,
Dust, or a turning wheel;
As leaves, as snow, as sand, that were so strong;
And howl, for all their song,
And wail, for all their wisdom; they that were
So great, they are all stript bare,
They are all made empty of beauty, and all abhorred;
They are shivered, and their sword;

They are slain who slew, they are heartless who were wise;
Yea, turn on these thine eyes,
O thou, soliciting with soul sublime
The obscure soul of time,
Thou, with the wounds thy holy body bears
From broken swords of theirs,
Thou, with the sweet swoln eyelids that have bled
Tears for thy thousands dead,
And upon these, whose swords drank up like dew
The sons of thine they slew,
These, whose each gun blasted with murdering mouth
Live flowers of thy fair south,

These, whose least evil told in alien ears
Turned men's whole blood to tears,
These, whose least sin remembered for pure shame
Turned all those tears to flame,
Even upon these, when breaks the extreme blow
And all the world cries woe,
When heaven reluctant rains long-suffering fire
On these and their desire,
When his wind shakes them and his waters whelm
Who rent thy robe and realm,
When they that poured thy dear blood forth as wine
Pour forth their own for thine,
On these, on these have mercy: not in hate,
But full of sacred fate,

Strong from the shrine and splendid from the
god,
Smite, with no second rod.
Because they spared not, do thou rather
spare:
Be not one thing they were.
Let not one tongue of theirs who hate thee
say
That thou wast even as they.
Because their hands were bloody, be thine
white;
Show light where they shed night:
Because they are foul, be thou the rather
pure;
Because they are feeble, endure;
Because they had no pity, have thou pity.

And thou, O supreme city,
O priestless Rome that shalt be, take in trust
Their names, their deeds, their dust,
Who held life less than thou wert; be the least
To thee indeed a priest,
Priest and burnt-offering and blood-sacrifice
Given without prayer or price,
A holier immolation than men wist,
A costlier eucharist,
A sacrament more saving; bend thine head
Above these many dead
Once, and salute with thine eternal eyes
Their lowest head that lies.
Speak from thy lips of immemorial speech
If but one word for each.

Kiss but one kiss on each thy dead son's mouth
Fallen dumb or north or south.
And laying but once thine hand on brow and breast,
Bless them, through whom thou art blest.
And saying in ears of these thy dead "Well done,"
Shall they not hear "O son"?
And bowing thy face to theirs made pale for thee,
Shall the shut eyes not see?
Yea, through the hollow-hearted world of death,
As light, as blood, as breath,
Shall there not flash and flow the fiery sense,
The pulse of prescience?

Shall not these know as in times overpast
Thee loftiest to the last?
For times and wars shall change, kingdoms and creeds,
And dreams of men, and deeds;
Earth shall grow grey with all her golden things,
Pale peoples and hoar kings;
But though her thrones and towers of nations fall,
Death has no part in all;
In the air, nor in the imperishable sea,
Nor heaven, nor truth, nor thee.
Yea, let all sceptre-stricken nations lie,
But live thou though they die;
Let their flags fade as flowers that storm can mar,
But thine be like a star;

Let England's, if it float not for men free,
Fall, and forget the sea;
Let France's, if it shadow a hateful head,
Drop as a leaf drops dead;
Thine let what storm soever smite the rest
Smite as it seems him best;
Thine let the wind that can, by sea or land,
Wrest from thy banner-hand.
Die they in whom dies freedom, die and cease,
Though the world weep for these;
Live thou and love and lift when these lie dead
The green and white and red.

O our Republic that shalt bind in bands
The kingdomless far lands

And link the chainless ages ; thou that wast
With England ere she past
Among the faded nations, and shalt be
Again, when sea to sea
Calls through the wind and light of morning time,
And throneless clime to clime
Makes antiphonal answer ; thou that art
Where one man's perfect heart
Burns, one man's brow is brightened for thy sake,
Thine, strong to make or break ;
O fair Republic hallowing with stretched hands
The limitless free lands,
When all men's heads for love, not fear, bow down
To thy sole royal crown,

As thou to freedom; when man's life smells
sweet,
And at thy bright swift feet
A bloodless and a bondless world is laid;
Then, when thy men are made,
Let these indeed as we in dreams behold
One chosen of all thy fold,
One of all fair things fairest, one exalt
Above all fear or fault,
One unforgetful of unhappier men
And us who loved her then;
With eyes that outlook suns and dream on
graves;
With voice like quiring waves;
With heart the holier for their memories'
sake
Who slept that she might wake;

With breast the sweeter for that sweet blood lost,
And all the milkless cost;
Lady of earth, whose large equality
Bends but to her and thee;
Equal with heaven, and infinite of years,
And splendid from quenched tears;
Strong with old strength of great things fallen and fled,
Diviner for her dead;
Chaste of all stains and perfect from all scars,
Above all storms and stars,
All winds that blow through time, all waves that foam,
Our Capitolian Rome.

THE END.

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> "If love were what the rose is,
> And I were like the leaf,"

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